


## The Damned 33rd

Ode to the Frankish heroes

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It was an odd tale. Most of the French were more or less indifferent to the National Socialists from across the Rhine that annihilated the French military with lightning speed & imposed their rule over Frankish lands. Aside from the general distaste for life in wartime, most people simply continued their otherwise regular lives. Many were quite upset with the situation, for some reason or another, & decided to form a resistance network to either passively or actively continue the fight.

But there were a handful that listened instead to the Führer, that saw in themselves the same Germanic blood. Many would accept the situation & became collaborators in some fashion. One young Frank, a poorer boy who grew up in the countryside, watched the Panzers tear through those now infamous hedgerows in 1940. He didn't know why, but to him it was exciting to see these war machines go at each other so violently. As he grew, he would witness the men of the Wehrmacht patrolling & interacting with the populace. They were generally stern, but friendly. Resigned to their duty as soldiers often are. But some were different. Some of the Germans wore sharper uniforms & were filled with enthusiasm. The young Frank didn't see the duty in their eyes, nor the stern expressions. For all he could tell, these men were executing their orders with the utmost glee. He came to recognize the men by a distinct emblem on their collars - two lightning bolts resembling the letters SS.

The Frank was enamored by these hard men. They had all the enthusiasm & warrior tendencies of the old berserkers from the Nordland, mixed with a sharp elegance & professionalism rivaling even the most cultured aristocrats & noblemen. The Frank would always try to find some of these men who may speak French, rarely finding them. One day, while fetching equipment for his family's farm in Paris, he tried his luck once more. The group of SS men had no Francophones amongst them, but one man overheard the boy talking & showed himself. Out of a Panzer, the leading vehicle in the small convoy, arose a man who was clearly distinguished even among the SS. The boy recognized the officer's regalia.

"Is there something you need, young man?" the officer asked in near perfect French. He was a fairly well built man, with a large scar across his face coming seemingly from a blade. Despite his harsh appearance, he maintained a very professional demeanor. He truly looked like the blonde beasts on the propaganda posters.

"Who are you? How are you different from the other Germans? Why do you treat Hitler as a king?" The boy probably asked twenty questions before he had to stop & catch his breath.

The officer simply smiled as he did this, with the patience of a father listening to their child talk about what menial tasks they had carried out throughout the day. Clearly proud of his vocation, the officer answered each of the boys questions one by one. When the topic of Hitler came up, and that of National Socialism, the officer's French finally betrayed him. He seemingly couldn't find the words, perhaps not even in his native tongue, to describe the reverence with which he held the France's most hated man & Germany's most beloved. Rather than try, he simply told the boy to head to the local government office - at this point run by ardent collaborators - & ask where to find a French copy of 'Mein Kampf', the words of the Führer in & of themselves.

The boy thanked the officer before walking to the administrative office for Paris. The young lady at the desk proved fairly helpful & found a copy in the building's library. For the first time, the young Frank saw the ever despised Hitler. His face on the cover was striking, lightly colored eyes seemingly staring into his own soul. He thanked the clerk & started back home, excited to read the newly acquired tome.

The Frank didn't sleep that night, he read through all five hundred or so pages in a single sitting. Entranced, he sat outside so that the moonlight could illuminate the pages without his mother nagging him about the lights being on or a candle staying lit too late in the night. He spent a few hours returning to noteworthy passages & reflecting on this book & the man who wrote it. With a new understanding of the world around him, especially the calamities to the East, the Frank became an ardent National Socialist. He understood the difference between the French state & the 18th century falsehoods that founded it, and the very blood in his veins. The book contained no mention of the SS, it was published long before their formation, but still the boy understood it's purpose now. While the everyday man may take upon his duty to defend his people's honor, the SS were nothing short of a caste of their own. True National Socialists in name & deed. A continuation of the chivalric orders of old.

As the boy continued his work on the family farm, he daydreamed about what his place in National Socialism was. A statesman? A warrior? A simple laborer? Perhaps an artist, like the Führer himself, so he could communicate through sight what cannot be communicated through talk. This question wouldn't remain unanswered for long. In the summer of 1944, the English & Americans invaded the French coastline & made serious progress. The Anglo-Saxons, misled by false doctrines of democracy & capitalism, & led by the same Jews which formed the shadow government of the French & Weimar Republics, were formidable warriors. This was proven over a millennia ago when the brought hell to the British Isles. The fact that the bulk of Hitler's men were tied up combating the mongrel horde to the East allowed the Frank's misled kinsmen to push the lines day after day.

With the very existence of the Reich now in jeopardy, the Frank quickly enlisted in the local French Volunteer forces. After a brief period of training, he would be told of his assigned unit. The newly formed 33rd SS Grenadier Division, with the honorific 'Charlemagne.' It only seemed proper this unit be named after history's most accomplished Frank. The boy, with all the enthusiasm of the SS men he had witnessed years prior, would travel east & join the war against the Jewish Bolsheviks & the mongrel slave army.

Over the course of the next several months, the boy became quite distinguished in his unit. He would be awarded the Iron Cross during an incident where he braved heavy fire to grab a Panzerfaust that he used to destroy a Soviet tank. The ammo detonation ended up killing 6 nearby infantrymen. Although the Frank wasn't keeping count, he had killed 126 Soviet soldiers & partisans by this point through a mix of skill & a target rich environment of poorly trained Slavs. It's a shame the Frank couldn't see the victories of the years prior, he unfortunately spent his whole service on the back foot as seemingly the entire world rained down on the Reich.

The Frank would find his finest hour in the demolished streets of Berlin, in the final days of the war. At this point, most were well aware that there was no surrender. A number of men broke out of the encirclement in order to surrender under honorable conditions to the Saxons. The rest would face their fate with the same sense of professionalism, savagery, & glee that the SS had invaded France with. By this point the majority of the SS was either imprisoned or in Valhalla. Those who remained were all foreign volunteers from France, Scandinavia & the Baltics. The exception was the remains of the 1st SS Division, the personal defenders of the Führer. In those final days of the war, the Frank was one of only a few dozen defenders of the Führerbunker.

During a brief lull in the fighting, the Frank reflected on his decisions, his ideology, & his situation. At such a point, a weaker man may drop into a puddle of self pity & regret. The Frank did not, he simply let out a chuckle & smiled towards his remaining comrades. These men of the 33rd, and the few other foreigners, would hold in place until May 1st, 1945. That day, the Führer gave them permission to drop their cordon & attempt to break out. About two dozen Frankish SS men were left, some managed to make it to Saxon lines while others were captured by the Reds. The Frank, by all means a man now, wouldn't fall into either group. He & a Norwegian volunteer would lie dead after one final ambush on a Soviet platoon. One last act of sacrifice & devotion.

*"I die with a joyful heart in my knowledge of the immeasurable deeds and achievements of our soldiers at the front, of our women at home, the achievements of our peasants and workers and of the contribution, unique in history, of our youth which bears my name.*

*That I express to them all the thanks which come from the bottom of my heart is as clear as my wish that they should therefore not give up the struggle under any circumstances, but carry it on wherever they may be against the enemies of the Fatherland, true to the principles of the great Clausewitz.*

*From the sacrifice of our soldiers and from my own comradeship with them to death itself, the seed has been sown which will grow one day in the history of Germany to the glorious rebirth of the National Socialist movement and thereby to the establishment of a truly united nation."*

-Adolf Hitler's final testament

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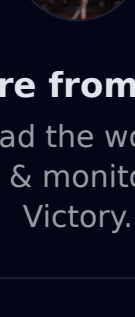
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